

# Poetry

NORTHWEST



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# POETRY NORTHWEST

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NUMBER THREE

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AUTUMN 1972

*Richard Hugo*

Seven Poems

LETTER TO PETERSON FROM THE PIKE PLACE MARKET

Dear Bob: I'll be damned. The good, oh so utterly sweet people of Seattle voted to keep the market as is. I wish I could write tender lines. The way I feel I could call to gulls in gull language, or name all fish at a glance the way Wagoner can birds. I'm eating lunch alone in the Athenian, staring across Puget Sound to the islands, the blue white Olympics beyond the islands and the sky beyond them, a sky I know is reflecting the blue of the ocean. And commerce seems right, the ships arriving from every nation, the cries of vendors outside that leak in. Sol Amon the fish man looks good, and Joe, the Calabrian. The taverns are as usual, unpretentious, run down, human, and tiers of produce gleam like Kid Ory's trombone. Today, I am certain, for all my terrible mistakes I did the right thing to love places and scenes in my innocent way and to spend my life writing poems, to receive like a woman the world in its enduring decay and to tell that world like a man that I am not afraid to weep at the sadness, the ongoing day that is draining our life and is life. Sorry. Got carried away. But you know, Bob, how in the smoky recess of bars all over the world, a man will suddenly dance because music, a juke box, a Greek taverna band, moves him and how when he dances we applaud and cry go. That's nobility of blood, a recognition by those who matter that in special moments we are together facing the brute descent of the sun and that cold brittle star we know already burned out. Hell, that's enough. Wish you were here in the market helping me track down the moment for some euphoric jolt. The barbecued crab is excellent. Much love. Dick.

## PLANS FOR ALTERING THE RIVER

Those who favor our plan to alter the river  
raise your hand. Thank you for your vote.  
Last week, you'll recall, I spoke about how water  
never complains. How it runs where you tell it,  
seemingly at home, flooding grain or pinched  
by geometric banks like those in this graphic  
depiction of our plan. We ask for power:  
a river boils or falls to turn our turbines.  
The river approves our plans to alter the river.

Due to a shipwreck downstream, I'm sad to report  
our project is not on schedule. The boat  
was carrying cement for our concrete rip rap  
balustrade that will force the river to run  
east of the factory site through the state-owned  
grove of cedar. Then, the uncooperative  
carpenters union went on strike. When we get  
that settled, and the concrete, given good weather  
we can go ahead with our plan to alter the river.

We have the injunction. We silenced the opposition.  
The workers are back. The materials arrived  
and everything's humming. I thank you  
for this award, this handsome plaque I'll keep  
forever above my mantel, and I'll read  
the inscription often aloud to remind me  
how with your courageous backing I fought  
our battle and won. I'll always remember  
this banquet this day we started to alter the river.

Flowers on the bank? A park on Forgotten Island?  
Return of cedar and salmon? Who are these men?  
These Johnnys-come-lately with plans to alter the river?  
What's this wild festival in May  
celebrating the runoff, display floats on fire  
at night and a forest dance under the stars?  
Children sing through my locked door, "Old stranger,  
we're going to alter, to alter, alter the river."  
Just when the water was settled and at home.

## THREE STOPS TO TEN SLEEP

Ho. The horses can water. We are miles  
ahead of schedule thanks to cool weather  
and a strong wind at our backs. Ahead  
are the mountains where we plan to build  
our city. Our bank will be solvent. Our church  
will serve all faiths. We will pass tough laws  
against fragmentation. Anyone threatening  
unity will be sent to the plains to wander  
forever. The plains have snakes and wolves  
and much of the water is poison. Have the women  
make dinner. We camp here. Tomorrow  
we should be close to that forest, and the next day  
we will find our place to live as destined.

Stop. It is farther than it seemed. No doubt  
an illusion created by light off high snow.  
Then, the wind changed and discouraged  
the horses. They don't like wind full in their eyes  
all day. I urge you to stop this bickering.  
Remember, our city will be founded  
on mutual respect. I urge you to accept  
this necessary rationing of food.  
Above all, remember, every time you frown  
the children see it. Several already  
have been crying and saying there will be no city.

Wait. The mountains are never closer. What  
is this land? We lost too many last night  
in the storm and those who remain  
are the worst, the ones we hesitated to take  
when we started back at the river. You  
remember? That town where we first formed?  
Those saloons and loose women? Let them grumble.  
We are going on. Indians know  
the right roots to eat and there's water in cactus.  
Even if we fail, wasn't it worth the trip,  
leaving that corrupting music behind  
and that sin?

## IN YOUR BAD DREAM

Morning at nine, seven ultra masculine men explain the bars of your cage are silver in honor of our emperor. They finger the bars and hum. Two animals, too far to name, are fighting. One, you are certain, is destined to win, the yellow one, the one who from here seems shaped like a man. Your breakfast is snake but the guard insists eel. You say hell I've done nothing. Surely that's not a crime. You say it and say it. When men leave, their hum hangs thick in the air as scorn. Your car's locked in reverse and running. The ignition is frozen, accelerator stuck, brake shot. You go faster and faster back. You wait for the crash. On a bleak beach you find a piano the tide has stranded. You hit it with a hatchet. You crack it. You hit it again and music rolls dissonant over the sand. You hit it and hit it driving the weird music from it. A dolphin is romping. He doesn't approve. On a clean street you join the parade. Women line the street and applaud, but only the band. You ask to borrow a horn and join in. The bandmaster says we know you can't play. You are embarrassed. You pound your chest and yell meat. The women weave into the dark that is forming, each to her home. You know they don't hear your sobbing crawling the street of this medieval town. You promise money if they'll fire the king. You scream a last promise—Anything. Anything. Ridicule my arm.

## WHY I THINK OF DUMAR SADLY

Forgive this nerve. I walked here up the long hill from the river where success is unpretentious commerce, tugs towing salable logs and drab factories tooting

reliable workers home. Here, the stores are balanced on the edge of failure and they never fail. Minimal profits seem enough to go on one more day and stores that failed were failures in the 30's. The district failed from the beginning. The pioneer who named it for himself died wondering what's wrong with the location. Three blocks north the houses end. Beyond them, gravel pits and scotch broom.

The nerve I ask forgiveness for is in my gaze. I see this district pale. When lovers pass me on their way to love I know they'll end up hating and fresh paint gleaming yellow on the meeting hall peels before it dries. Whatever effort the grocer makes to increase sales, he'll end up counting pennies in a dim room, bewildered by volitant girls who romp in clouds above his store. The family next door is moving after 30 years to Phoenix. The well built daughter of the druggist started sagging yesterday.

I think of Dumar sadly because a dancehall burned and in it burned a hundred early degradations. How I never knew the reason for a girl's wide smile, a blue spot raying over dancers, a drum gone silent and the clarinet alone. I hear the sad last shuffling to Good Night Sweetheart. I take the dark walk home. Now see the nerve you must forgive. Others in pairs in cars to the moon flashing river. Me on foot alone, asking what I do wrong.

## DRIVING MONTANA

The day is a woman who loves you. Open. Deer drink close to the road and magpies spray from your car. Miles from any town your radio comes in strong, unlikely Mozart from Belgrade, rock and roll from Butte. Whatever the next number, you want to hear it. Never has your Buick

found this forward a gear. Even  
the tuna salad in Reedpoint is good.

Towns arrive ahead of imagined schedule.  
Absorakee at one. Or arrive so late—  
Silesia at nine—you recreate the day.  
Where did you stop along the road  
and have fun? Was there a runaway horse?  
Did you park at that house, the one  
alone in a void of grain, white with green  
trim and red fence, where you know you lived  
once? You remembered the ringing creek,  
the soft brown forms of far off bison.  
You must have stayed hours, then drove on.  
In the motel you know you'd never seen it before.

Tomorrow will open again, the sky wide  
as the mouth of a wild girl, friable  
clouds you lose yourself to. You are lost  
in miles of land without people, without  
one fear of being found, in the dash  
of rabbits, soar of antelope, swirl  
merge and clatter of streams.

## SILVER STAR

*for Bill Kittredge*

This is the final resting place of engines,  
farm equipment and that rare, never more  
than occasional man. Population:  
17. Altitude: unknown. For no  
good reason you can guess, the woman  
in the local store is kind. Old steam trains  
have been rusting here so long, you feel  
the urge to oil them, to lay new track, to start  
the west again. The Jefferson  
drifts by in no great hurry on its way  
to wed the Madison, to be a tributary

of the ultimately dirty brown Missouri.  
This town supports your need to run alone.

What if you'd lived here young, gone full of fear  
to that stark brick school, the cruel teacher  
supported by your guardian? Think well  
of the day you ran away to Whitehall.  
Think evil of the cop who found you starving  
and returned you, siren open, to the house  
you cannot find today. You question  
everyone you see. The answer comes back wrong.  
There was no house. They never heard your name.

When you leave here, leave in a flashy car  
and wave goodbye. You are a stranger  
every day. Let the engines and the farm  
equipment die, and know that rivers  
end and never end, lose and never lose  
their famous names. What if your first girl  
ended certain she was animal, barking  
at the aides and licking floors? You know  
you have no answers. The empty school  
burns red in heavy snow.

*Brendan Galvin*

Three Poems

## THE MAN WITH A HOLE THROUGH HIS CHEST (Eskimo Wood-Carving)

He did it because the wind  
pushed him around. When he set out  
to walk to the dawn  
it shoved him into the sunset;  
getting inside, it startled thoughts  
that were sleeping like leaves.  
So he let it out,  
made a place for it to go through.

Now an ear is closing,  
tired of the wind's secrets.  
One eye is frozen open  
on the white absence of friends  
while the other grows teeth,  
tunneling into its brow.  
Below stubborn nostrils  
other teeth fuse,  
the jailers of words.

When there was nowhere to go,  
nothing to hold,  
he threw his limbs away,  
simplifying his life.  
He will not need his loins.  
Wind blowing through the man  
with a hole through his chest  
won't turn him toward anyone.

#### TOWARDS A NATIVE AMERICAN OPERA

Somehow the woman has been with child  
three years. She holds a hand there  
wondering how, giving the room a pregnant look  
while the organ, always pregnant, swells violently.  
The season is indoors, the state Catatonia.  
There, while snow, dust, and raised eyebrows fall,  
a hand moves over a table, slow as a man on all fours  
crossing a desert. Later it covers another hand,  
symbiotically. Then there's a shattered windshield,  
or inexplicable headaches, and somebody who left town  
comes back with another face, but no one will notice,  
only the audience crying Look out! Look out!  
That's not your son! until swaddled in small talk.  
Drinks swirl all the time, clicking the ice,  
but no one falls down or throws up on his lawyer's suit.  
A lady is told her father isn't her father.  
Mascara runs. When the child is born  
it's already six months old.

#### ASSEMBLING A STREET

Let's give it the Kamjian-Boyadjian Post,  
Armenian-American War Vets,  
and two bars with German names. Steuben's  
and the Gartenhaus, say, with a drunk  
whose face is sheer argument against shaving  
emerging from under a torn convertible  
roof and going into one or the other bar,  
hands stuffed in a salt-and-pepper overcoat.  
And scatter things around—  
a few pebbles for leaping into shoes, and one  
avocado ballpoint pen with pseudo-gold metal trim  
to be found by someone pretty coming home  
from high school. We'll need a puddle  
with a starling in it wading after sun,  
and a Puerto Rican car with lacy dolls  
and dingleberries in the rear window.  
And paint "God-is-my-Co-pilot"  
in flag colors across the right front fender.  
Time for some people to come home from work:  
have that clandestine couple arrive  
separately and enter the Gartenhaus  
one at a time; her first, leggy, with him  
tearfully proud coming behind.  
Red brick for these houses, or better yet  
that yellow gravelly siding stamped  
like brick. Never aluminum—who would  
we fool with it? Or by calling it  
Old Oaken Bucket Way? We'll call it  
Soaper Street and add piles of fresh turf  
in the Soaper Street Cemetery down one end  
beside that padlocked store with what look like  
used stove-parts in the window.  
See that lady there being helped  
by her remaining son? Her face  
has stared down Death so many times  
he's afraid to take her.

HAWK: IN THE MANNER OF A FUGUE

A marsh hawk drifts with singlemindedness above our shore  
In the suspensions of his appetite.  
He grabs his steaks  
While dropping out of thought.

We startled him up off a hash of field mouse yesterday.  
Impossible for gods to be surprised,  
But he left half,  
And our slow muddy stares,

By elevating instantly, then wove a noose of air  
Around our moral indignation, made  
An island of  
Us, our myopia.

He drifts and circles now and contemplates promising specks,  
His eye as sharp as an American  
Businessman's if  
Fat capital were sex.

But he is clean as his metabolism and eats up  
Profits and has no use for scavenging  
Time. Time  
Is the angle of his flight.

I think in one enormous almost oxygenless arc  
He takes in us the house the dog the rat  
Trapped in the well  
The east crab dying west.

Perhaps he plans tomorrow's lunch. Cruises the boy scout camp,  
Some prepubescent plump fillet the scout  
Masters have missed.  
Or, across the harbor,

A party at a burial with their best dresses on,  
The minister with gospel in his mouth  
Garnishing a grave,  
Thinking of income tax.

Or notes canned swarming summer maggots in a trailer camp.  
Along the shore road he can shop for us.  
I was a kid  
When I was told of kids

Eagles appeared from elders' nowhere to snatch up away.  
I wanted desperately to be the boy  
Wicked enough  
To win that punishment,

And see the country of the eagles, maybe write a book  
With a gold feather in indifferent blood  
About the trip.  
I'm too big now to sin

Into vision. But why does this hawk designate my day?  
Tonight in sleep he'll see another hawk,  
The poem's hawk  
That calls him by his name

Shrilly, and flutters desperate rhythmic signs it wants to mate.  
In that envisioned and thus possible  
Moment when they  
Explode in fusion I

Shall not be in myself but in the hawks and understand  
Rapes from heaven, swans, doves, how unborn words  
Fly lost in white  
Clouds of the blank page, wait,

Circle return dip glide rise circle again and, at once, drop  
To the poor violence of reality,  
The poem's blood,  
Thin ink blots from the sky.



## FISH

Despairing again of catching anything  
But my own discontent,  
I go out in the boat and drop a line  
Into another world:  
"Wish you were here."

The surface of the morning is a dead  
Calm where the hours are rings  
That move out from my center of the clock.  
Time circles but isn't caught.  
No nibbles here.

Perhaps I am the one caught on the string.  
The dark below the blue  
Glass that reflects no face holds me secure  
On no line but my own.  
It waits my last

Laugh, thrash, sob, breath, then patiently will pull  
Me down into itself,  
Into the order of its solitude,  
Blue sea that drowns blue sky,  
Fixed open eye

That never will be closed and never see.  
I freeze into the thought,  
Hooked on the fine point of the noon's white heat.  
I had left love at home,  
Letters to write,

A lot of unpaid bills, memos, some gin,  
And next year's calendar.  
How was I pulled out of my element?  
I can't get off the hook  
Even to pray

To the nothing that holds me, to empty day,  
To either sea or sky.  
No time can pass here. Nothing will pass me by.  
No rescuer can get  
To here from here.

I watch, almost as if it were not me,  
The frantic bleeding pumps  
Of gills, flapping asphyxiation's last  
Violent rites to leap  
Out of thin air.

My third, last, sinking hope, temptation, sees  
Another whole life flash  
In front of it: once on a lobster boat  
I saw a sculpin caught  
In the pulled-up trap,

Mistake of no one but the sculpin, not  
The lobsters', men's, or sea's.  
Indifferent hands threw him back in again,  
A resurrection down  
To second chance.

My hands still hold the line that holds me here.  
I think of other lives  
The lucky sculpin gets, and how he thrives.  
No one will give me two  
But me. But me.

A WINTER VIEW

In such blind weather,  
trees and sky sagging with rain,  
clouds out of harness  
romping from sheen to blackness  
to pastures of long sleet,  
I used to draw at the round, kitchen table.  
The lamp was there,  
dropping its oval of false sunlight,  
while darkness and wind  
peered around corners,  
and frost began to grave  
white manes of horses on the window.

Rain has no odor; only what it borrows  
from grass or dust  
or the very blue bins of memory.

Frost is a different guest.  
It is the coldest of flowers.  
It is the whitest of scents.  
It is a gathering of jewels,  
formal as a bouquet,  
but subject to change by a fingernail,  
or, out of awe, let be.

My awe was keen, but not enough  
to leave those fantasies  
between me and a further view.

Some vision was required,  
and my hot breath,  
round as a pond,  
worked like a torch.

I breathed, I breathed,  
in order to see through.

THE WATCH

There is always dread that the disease,  
unnamed as yet,  
will escape our vigil. The twitch in the night—  
a fork turning—  
the tug in the cave of the heart,  
the giddiness without reason,  
the sense of falling and failing,  
even the exhilaration  
just before the plumb-weight of fatigue  
hauls down, and breath dangles  
at the edge of the edge—  
all the blue meadows of the past  
running off with their live shadows,  
birds broken,  
winds bruised beyond recognition,  
mementos (whole albums of breath, soft hair,  
and the light on faces)  
tossed out with leaves  
for the annual burning.

Morning rituals are required:  
investigation of the sudden blemish;  
a cyst, unwarranted, beside an ear;  
a knot in heel or groin,  
an itch, a pang,  
a narrow drumbeat in the bone  
where, deep beyond the X ray, hides  
an unoriginal but nervous sin.

There is always dread that the disease,  
if left unwatched,  
might turn into some common thing—  
a simple wart, heat rash, a fading bruise—  
and leave us unprepared to bear  
the knife within  
that like a red key turns  
exposing all we have become and are.

## CELLAR

That time I tumbled into the dark—  
tilt, plunge, and cry  
through a trap door left open  
in a trusted pantry floor—

that descent, child hair streaming,  
into a kingdom of potatoes  
(their tall eyes sprouting upward  
like pale green rockets),  
dried onions, squash, a squeak of cabbages,  
carrots hanging like withered darts,  
preserves and relish winking  
from provident shelves,  
but the dust alive, and daintily clawed;

that moment of plunging through linoleum  
embossed with faded birds  
(the bitter smell of wind  
or coal or something darker  
hunched inside a box),  
the gasp of arrival on hardened earth,  
then the quick leap up  
the black-wood stairs  
toward a living room with lights still on—  
being saved from rot  
and breathing mice  
and the crimson stars of tomatoes sliced  
and staring out of glass—  
resurrected, full of heart . . .

but now on deeper nights  
a different void  
below the edge of things—  
the humpbacked dreams, the whirring sweat,  
and no light left  
except a bedroom clock's dim hands  
that pace my foolish,  
climbing breath.

## Dick Case

### FROM CRAB BAY—WITH LOVE

Three rainy months of butchering  
And I have vision slurred with crab juice,  
A gray in underwear that water can't wash,  
And a beer ration that doesn't shrink the distance  
In her letters; the last paycheck  
Only paid bills, enough weather to say  
T.V. isn't comfort on rainy nights,  
Too many new names for neighbor talk—  
By rumor the next five weeks are rain,

Rain and no airplane from Kodiak,  
No escape from this rebuilt war boat  
Putting scavengers on ice, filling a bay  
With shells no bird or bear can eat.  
My job is standing in a gut pool  
Cracking crabs on a dull knife.  
She gets my paycheck without a cocktail  
Of sweat and the aroma of boiled crab.

One hot tub bath, three gulps  
From a bourbon bottle to a Kodiak  
Go-Go girl and Crab Bay would be memory  
I could laugh at. But I can't quit,  
Those who didn't quit would get my beer  
While rain beat bad rhythm into boredom:  
Without crabs to kill I would dream war boats  
To that woman, bored with late shows,  
Folding diapers when actors make love.

Tentacles stretched, mouth gasping  
For water I can't give it, a killer claw  
That can't kill its enemy, this crab  
Can't sweep dung from the ocean  
Or quit; its meat is money.  
I push forward and slide its life away,

Pitching its back to the bears.  
The gut pool grows. And I am healed  
With sweat that doesn't wash.

*John Taylor*

POEM WITH SHARKS

The whole world is shut in with me,  
The window blocked with ivy,  
The sky invisible,  
And the air conditioner making a sound  
Like fur in the ear.

I sit down here and voices come to me,  
Voices thin as knives,  
And blood gathers,  
Flowering like ink,  
And the stain spreads and thoughts glide through  
Shark-pale, shark-slow.

The ivy moves feebly with the wind,  
Riddled by insects  
As I am riddled by invisible rays  
Streaming from a sky  
Where the thought of God hangs like a shark.

The teeth of God are saw-edged  
And the ivy is saw-edged,  
And carnivorous thoughts slide through the darkness,  
Cold as silence,  
The elongated silence hanging over me.

*Philip Murray*

Two Poems

PEEPING TOM  
COMES TO REALIZE THAT BEAUTY  
IS IN THE EYES OF PEEPING TOM

*Whose soul sees the perfect  
Which his eyes seek in vain  
—Emerson, "The Sphinx"*

He saw hairs  
Most of the time,  
One by one,  
Parted, platted;  
Occasionally he saw  
A swatch of skin  
Freckled, pallid,  
Goose-pimpled, bruised;  
A flabby joint crooked,  
Or flat backs like cheap boards,  
Warped, cracked;  
Once he viewed an entire room  
Full of twitching eyes;  
That time, he looked away.

*But man crouches and blushes,  
Absconds and conceals:  
He creepeth and peepeth,  
He paltereth and steals.  
Ibid.*

He tried to distinguish  
The Men from the Women;  
It was rarely possible  
Under such furtive circumstances.  
He spied eagerly  
On the private parts  
Of a dwarf  
But he could only  
Make out  
Fitful shadows

Without his eye-glass;  
His mind ached with wrong  
With wrong guesses,  
As his doodles show.

*Who has drugged my boy's cup?  
Who has mixed my boy's bread?  
Who, with sadness and madness,  
Has turned the man-child's head?  
Ibid.*

Magazines had  
Misinformed him;  
His diary was full  
Of biomorphic shapes  
And blacked-out passages.  
He frequently slept  
In his clothes  
With the lights burning;  
But on the prowl  
He crouched in lover's lanes  
And used-car lots,  
After hours,  
Grunting and sweating  
Through dirty dreams.

*Thou art the unanswered question;  
Couldst see thy proper eye,  
Always it asketh, asketh;  
And each answer is a lie.  
Ibid.*

#### LE COQ SANS CONFIANCE

*Manqué, maudit,  
Chantecler, Coq d'Or,  
My titles bore me.  
Servile bravado  
Sustains the morning.*

I would as soon  
Crow a full moon,  
A white dog, a grey rat.  
I knew light was matter  
Long before Einstein.

When I draw blood  
Around my rivals' eyes  
It's because I love them  
And my nameless hens  
Without number.

In the old wives' tale  
A serpent hatched an egg  
Of mine that killed with one glance,  
Full of corn and confidence.  
*Hélas, ces vers-coquins!*

Laugh. I laugh myself sick  
At my vulgar music  
Hoisting the sun  
Up from his bloody knees  
Behind paling trees.

Hackles, cackles,  
Gratitudes, platitudes,  
*Toutes les hautes attitudes*  
Fall down and rot,  
Melodious or not.

But I'll crow in the dark  
Like an ass imitating a siren  
Until I am clapped in iron  
Upon some venerable steeple,  
Denouncing hell with sparks.

*John E. Moore*

### GULLS

Gulls will stay by a river far inland,  
harbor-hunting over these tossing wheat fields  
as if they were seas full of ripe fish for the swooping:  
In autumn you can find them fishing the furrows  
where fallow lies black to sun and noon, waiting  
like the gulls for growth, for food.

We would harbor them  
if we could and blow a steamboat whistle for their joy,  
far from water just to echo the world they left  
when they strayed from Clark's Fork and the Missouri  
into these grain fields.

And sometimes they sit,  
solemn as owls, along the ridge-pole of a barn,  
spaced to an even ruler-narrow place, so trim  
that when one more comes to rest, the whole line  
moves down precisely to let him have his space  
at the end, since he came last.

And like our gulls  
back on the Lakes these too will quarrel and squawk  
most bitterly over nothing  
somewhat like our own children.

*David Allan Evans*

Two Poems

### DEER ON CARS

deer on cars  
on the freeways  
move with an ease  
and speed and courage  
that seem beyond them:  
when diesels scream by  
they may jiggle

but it's never a leap  
in a new direction  
and more often  
it is they  
that pass the diesels . . .

entering a city  
the head settles down  
as they ease up in school zones  
halt at red lights  
or go on green  
staring straight ahead  
in the proper lane

### THE CATTLE GHOSTS

(Sioux City: I am standing where Armour's used to be)

where they came from once  
they come from yet:  
a place far off and quieter  
for its few swallows  
and peeled, face-sunken barns

in the spittled wombs of trucks  
through Iowa's screaming nights  
they come head on

to this louder land  
of the kick and prod  
and hammered breath

dying is a shy habit here  
that goes on always:  
the one with the face of a friend  
the one with the mushroomed eye  
the one with the limp

I am near them all  
though the fifth-floor heavens fall

*Barton Sutter*

WHAT THE COUNTRY MAN KNOWS BY HEART

1

Why he lives there he can't say.  
Silence is the rule.

But he knows where to look  
When his wife is lost. He knows  
Where the fish that get away go  
And how to bring them back.  
He's learned about lures  
And knows how deep the bottom is.

He has been lost and found  
Where he lives moss grows everywhere.  
He's made his way home  
The way that gulls fly through fog,  
Find where water turns to stone.

In country covered with trees  
He can find the heartwood  
That burns best.  
He can find his wife in smoke.

He knows where to look for rain  
And why the wives of city men  
Cannot stop dreaming of water.

2

When loons laugh he does not;  
He waits for what follows, feeling  
The meaning of animal speech  
Crawl in the base of his brain.

But he knows there are no words  
To answer the question the owl has kept  
Asking all these years.

He knows a man alone  
Will begin to talk to himself  
And why at last he begins to answer.

3

He would never say any of this.  
He knows how often silence speaks  
Better than words; he knows  
Not to try to say as much.

But then he won't say either  
How often he longs to break the rule,  
How unspoken words writhe in his throat  
And blood beats the walls of his heart.

*Jim Barnes*

JOHN BERRYMAN: LAST DREAM SONG

The policeman waved like trying to stay hail.  
Henry waved, replied  
with a nosedive into the concrete current  
cutting beneath the bridge.  
Mr. Bones, you done done it now.  
You is de dead end  
we sweep up dat swept down.

You were a gone bird for de policeman's  
scaredy-cat eyes. What you thought  
when you said hi-dee-do wid dat wave  
& took off off your perch  
you'll never tell.

We don't mourn, Mr. Bones. We moan.  
We knows de truth.  
You done made a mess of thangs.

*Stephen Dobyns*

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

I am tired of this complicated life: people  
with too many fists and faces like wet stones.  
My body will be carefully packed and shipped  
to a warehouse in Topeka. Goodbye, long fingers.  
May you send word of the intricate ceremonies  
of rats, their long lists of essential names.  
I shall assume the form of chairs, squat  
gracefully in the heavy lobbies of old hotels,  
surrounded by bankers with papers and cigars.  
Women will sit in me unknowingly.  
Interested in rooms, I shall become them,  
experience the security of walls and overhear  
your most secret conversations.  
I am that car you drive down a dirt road  
late at night. I may not get you there.  
I could also be the road. I am that mirror  
you are looking into and which may not  
return your reflection. Suddenly, you look into  
the face of a stranger. The door closes behind you.  
I could be that house tilted precariously  
at the edge of town, leaning into a side street—  
grey paint peeling, shingles off the roof.  
Right now you are sitting within me. Right now  
you are walking through me. Your shadow  
slips over me. It could be slipping from you.  
Or I could even be a kindlier place: a place  
where sparrows live in comfort and dogs tell stories  
of the winter before last. People, too, will be admitted.  
But I am tired of manufactured things.  
I will climb into the mountains  
and become a place the water moves through:  
a small valley, a mound of stones.  
A place where the sky is still a question  
and all the trees have tumbling names.  
I shall learn the songs of water

and the long green songs of trees and grass.  
Closing my hands and eyes, I may learn to sleep there.  
Sinking into the earth, I may even learn to stay there.

*Cynthia Macdonald*

MUTATIONS

The sky has darkened  
Obsessing the city with cabs  
And the country with withered grasses.  
The brown cast of the light  
Makes lovers in the cliffs nestle closer.

The first lightning cracks apart the sky—  
Armadillos and skunks rain down  
Evenly spaced like a child's picture of  
Snowfall. People run to the gutters  
Or red fields to gather them in.

Few are perfect: lizards  
Furred or striped black and white,  
Skunks scaled, erect tails triangular.  
Many are inside-out, belted with intestines,  
Capped with brains, ribs, inverted parentheses

Under the lungs, the heart, a medal.  
The poll-takers are there, taking note  
Of who takes what to take home  
And querying. There is a high percentage  
Of "No Opinions." Surfaces are covered

With unclaimed bodies, most still alive.  
The mayor declares a Civil Defense  
Emergency. A meat packer devises a  
Recipe for Skizard- or Lunk-burgers. He is  
Not sure what they should be named.



SIMPSON

Simpson, age fifty, freezes  
at the summit of the stairs  
perceiving all descent as  
perpendicular. "Let's go.  
Get moving, Simpson. Take it  
one step at a time." Too late.  
The downhill muscles falter  
and the bones go limp. One foot  
fumbles at a wall of glass  
and old friends offer crutches.

Simpson forgives the future:  
offers to divorce his wife  
(once a ballerina, twice  
a mother); obliterates  
his treasures; tears his clothing;  
exposes to his children  
a naked Simpson squatting  
for his stool. He counts his teeth.  
He quotes Ecclesiastes  
(weeping) and he quotes himself.

Simpson looks down. A young girl  
at the bottom stair looks up,  
inhales, is calling "Simpson"  
holding out her arms, her hair  
like rain, her breasts, her armpits  
wet with rainbow and her mouth  
like blood. Flamingos hurry  
through the glen. Snakes in their caves  
are hissing. A boy on skis  
sets out to cross the glacier.

PERSONAE DISPLACED

1

We are scribbled in pencil on foolscap.  
Our lives have no meaning.  
A chapter of birth is no truer to us  
than a chapter of digging.

One page of our life is too many  
and a thousand is insufficient.  
We die and have never stopped dying  
yet reach no conclusion.

Our tongues are like cactus leaves.  
What voice shall we use?  
We have lost the particular language  
of our fathers' gravestones.

Our stars have no names.  
We are ruled by the burden of morning.  
Our thoughts are a compost to shovel and spread  
on the weeds in our garden.

Our salt has no taste.  
Our tears are as daily as urine.  
Our blood is a verdict of rust on your bones.  
We have no reasons.

2

Sudden they come and clean, of clean complexion.  
Out of their bindings they come, gilt-edged and deckled.

Onto our beds they climb and sigh and couple  
into a throb of love beyond instruction.

Even our bedding shines with moonlit honey.  
Even our air is blessed, transfused with incense.

Out of our wooden arms they lift our children  
promising words and worlds we never dreamed of.

Onto our windowpanes they splash a landscape.  
Out of our piano they bring incredible music;

out of our well, sweet water; out of our soil,  
grapes and roses; out of our granite, gems.

Out of the cupboards where our breadcrumbs molder  
they have reaped abundance, spread a feast where

suddenly damask, crystal, candles; suddenly  
wine; suddenly meat and fruit and pastry;

suddenly in our lives a banquet table  
steaming with life, to which we are not invited.

3

Treasures we never knew we owned  
were stolen from us.  
We have met the thieves.

We have seen our names imprinted  
on a list of victims  
boldface italic in the evening papers.

Ten new commandments  
have been delivered with the late editions;  
ten thousand soldiers

but the thieves are dauntless.  
They die and become immortal  
which they will not teach us.

When they come tomorrow  
bearing lighted torches  
we will greet them, crying:

*Burn us.  
We are crudely written.  
We were meant to burn.*

*Joseph Di Prisco*

#### THE DUMB PAGE

My dear, you who pretend so perfectly to nothingness  
are much too clever for my moored reflections  
less evanescent, as they are, than a docked and peeling  
rowboat, it being midnight, and the moon,  
it being less than half itself.

A message, you say. Cable-? Tele-? Candy-? What?  
What have you to say to *me*? Christ, it could never  
be the delphic one, my phone's been off for weeks.  
Will you sing it? dance it? speak it with a soft  
voice? orchestrate your arms to feign intent?

Your profession! What you *have* to say  
matters infinitely less than what certainly *is*,  
you are chance, you are certainty.  
Certainly, chances I take with you mean more  
than a blind chip lost and blue in Reno.

If only to have initially imagined you  
finally, to have given you milk and blood,  
given you shelter and chair, portrait  
and memory. But this is no excuse, I think:  
the last word I leave you with: this is all there is.

The word will come in the morning.  
I will look at you like a father, like a lover,  
say, "You've been translated. What was reality  
is now forever dream. I am content."  
Even ink acquires the color of seeming purpose. Why not you?

You who pretend to nothingness are surely everything.  
My hands are certain to obey you,  
Such, the power of night,  
Such, the melodies making their moist way  
Up-throat, and rocketing off the tongue.

*Alan Williamson*

TWO FACES

(a newspaper photograph: white victim and black suspect  
in a murder committed across the street from my parents'  
apartment, April 22, 1968)

By the fence where his body slumped, I once was dogged  
Home by the blond smirks of Polish kids. My father  
Watched sometimes, praised me once for showing fight.  
(I was never injured; these were no black powers.)  
A smile like my child-photos' tilts down shyly  
In search of, ashamed of innocence, too fleshy;  
The black face tilts up to police-lights—suspect  
And corpse linked subtly as brothers, newsprint gray,  
As if one chose . . . My father does: "the victim,  
A benevolent student. . . ." But if purity of heart  
Is to will one thing, *that* face makes claims: its bones  
Float high on a singular beauty—as, say, one  
For one, one for the shared, blurred guilt of all.  
My parents, tired of aesthetic politics, point  
Their lesson. The grim clippings arrive in packets.  
They are "sick" that they mistook the shot for a backfire.  
My father went out, ill, on a quick May night  
"To see the spot where trees cast a dense shadow."  
Blackness lay folded, focused. Above, the quiet windows  
Looked straight into other windows, crenellations  
Of the glass house I was brought to . . . the clue streaming  
On your bent back, Daddy . . . tender, self-baffled light.

*Dabney Stuart*

MAKING LOVE

The times I have turned this key  
Asking *Who's there?*  
Entering the echo

Mobs of desire  
Throning my name  
Her clothes floating my fingers

I planted myself in the great rooms  
Dispersing those voices

I served  
    denying  
No hazard  
Neither the loud nipple  
Nor the shrewd thigh  
Nor the place itself  
Mothering

Was it to come here  
I scrapped the billboards?  
Tunneled beneath textbooks?  
Was it to lose my head  
This way  
I starved my clichés?  
Is this no different  
From that other boneyard?

What grows           What grows  
On the way to itself?

Who's there?  
Does any man fit  
These spaces  
Opening

The orient darkness

Keeping the flesh going

*Roland Flint*

HEADS OF THE CHILDREN

"If a son shall ask bread of any of you. . . ."

Father your voice was a fist  
to slam my stomach shut  
to start me from sleep like a rat,  
you were the right and righteous anger,  
your voice made me believe  
in God in the Devil.

When we meet now, forty and seventy,  
you are apologetically quiet,  
you put your arms around me  
and I know you mean it.  
We are both old men.

But I can only remember  
being held by you during beatings,  
which were not often but terrible,  
and always worse, before them,  
the fanatical white in your shouting.  
I know, now, you didn't mean it.

But listen to me—  
I'm doing the same thing  
to my small son.  
If my voice said what I mean  
he could sleep all night in its branches,  
but I hear your outrage in me,  
over nothing, a bare lie, or nothing,  
and I see him cower for the storm cellar,  
just like me, his knuckles white with my yelling.  
Father—I love you.  
Jesus Christ, where does it end?

*Linda Allardt*

BUSH

Burn, damn you! we planted you, bush, to burn  
with thunderous light, burn unconsumed  
with the light of roots drunk on oil-rich mud,  
the wick of speech from the burning ground, seep  
of struck rock. We have come upon the unheard  
smouldering of rotted chestnuts in the hedgerow,  
followed the inchworm fire beat out in the grass,  
the pillar of smoke that spoke a barn burning—  
the common smudge of decay is not the word  
we wait for! Your trunk's too green to catch,  
your broken branch too dead to talk in the blaze.  
Mocking, in fall your leaves break into red,  
in spring your kindling blooms—we do not grasp  
the speech of the country. Conflagration's our tongue,  
we'll try to make any lumber talk,  
ravel out our woods like Twelfth Night trees,  
ignite a candle shoved in a bale of straw,  
question a tenement with oil-soaked rags,  
a saffron-robed man drenched and lighted,  
but these burn down to ash without revealing  
the secrets of the resistance to our persuasion.

*Jay Meek*

MORE WONDERS OF THE INVISIBLE WORLD

Sarah Good to Judge Noyes, Salem, 1692: "I am no more  
a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take away my  
life, God will give you blood to drink."

We say they began it those monstrous children  
thrashing in the kitchen with the pupils gone  
from their eyes and their eyes grey as clams  
they are rolling across the floor and barking

at her Tituba their black mammy mouths lungs  
crying as if their stomachs would whelp so he  
father opens the door and what could he think  
thinking this is wrong I hear the yipe of sin  
it's in them like worms so what could he tell  
his parishes that his daughters were afflicted  
not only with sin and witchery but imagination  
which was worse so he didn't and they said yes  
yes it certainly was with that same conviction  
as that which they cherished after the trials  
seeing the graves the men ground up like meal  
the women burned like cattails dipped in oil  
and put to fire saying yes this certainly was  
because the children were better now or less  
afflicted or less publicly so with the aging  
the landless purged and buried how many died  
fourteen nineteen and the children older now  
more stable saintly with the town finally let  
of its blood and so it was ended the children  
sitting at their desks reading the holy pages  
as if they hadn't moved so who could say this  
who could say anything had changed after this  
except that the barking stopped and so Tituba  
the slave-nurse of their children went on too  
leaning over the hearth moving the kettles up  
and back across the fire stirring and looking  
into the fire who was brought here not by her  
own choice from Barbados but here nonetheless  
who went each day to the trials and spoke out  
against any man and who now shuttled her pots  
back and forth as though they were iron links  
clanging them in something like curt splendor  
not as though she'd been traded not for a keg  
of rum no it was how she moved in her kitchen  
clanging them on the table with an abruptness  
that might have passed for ownership of those  
pots of her room that house of the whole town  
now serving him that corpuscular trials-judge  
serving him what recipe no one will ever know  
nor even if she served him standing over him

after it she who brought the secret with her  
locked in a slaver who made little tea-cakes  
from jimson weed and drool of sheep and gave  
them to her charges those monstrous children  
whose barking sent the milk herds off to sea  
and so she came again moving from her pantry  
like a frigate over calm sea and served him  
who held up with his fingers the cakes he bit  
like coins and was it she or Goody Good or age  
or chance or his bad blood that vollied on him  
broadside with its spells compelling his eyes  
to pulse like testicles intestines pump in warm  
disruption until the blood undeniable and free  
spewed from his lips like the river of the sea.

*Edward Lueders*

FOX

Old mahogany stand-up clock above the mantel  
Over the cold stone hearth, ticking through  
The house its mindless, humpbacked meter,  
Labored and uphill, its heavy, senseless  
Pendulum pushing the morning into day,  
The daylight toward inevitable dusk.

I move deliberately to the window toward  
The trees, the lake, the light. A fox,  
Right there, is moving even as I see him,  
His sense somehow attesting me. Lovely  
In his fur and supple going, tail a plume  
Of flashing red, he scuttles through the grass.

I hold my breath. His brilliant body smooths  
Around a quickened heartbeat as he glides  
Away, then lengthens into larger rhythms  
As he lollops to the bend and out of sight.  
The mantel clock returns to fill the room.  
I study the reflection in the window glass.

*Miller Williams*

A TOAST TO FLOYD COLLINS

To Mitzi Mayfair  
To Jesus Christ Man of a Thousand Faces  
To Len Davidovich Trotsky  
To Nicanor Parra

To whoever dies tonight in New Orleans  
To Operator 7 in Kansas City

To the sound of a car crossing a wooden bridge  
To the Unified Field Theory  
To the Key of F

And while I'm at it  
A toast to Jim Beam  
To all the ice cubes thereunto appertaining  
To Becky knitting  
A silver cat asleep in her lap  
And the sun going down

Which is the explanation for everything

*Laura Jensen*

TANTRUM

Nothing likes to pay.  
Trees do not like to pay.  
Wind beats the flowers  
from black branches.  
It never hears the cries of "Mine!"  
It blows the day apart  
and already the past is restless.  
Now the night is simultaneously

new and used. In the dark  
cats plan their movements,  
but slip away when  
shouts take passengers  
into the terrifying air.  
The body takes the throat  
like an enemy tower.

At the end of the tunnel  
the moon sees me crippled  
and the sun sees me horribly deformed.  
There has been hysteria  
shaking the leaves of the willow.  
From far off I hear you be  
as hail rattles on a board fence  
as the telephone wires  
take the snow to be a mountain.

*Gary Gildner*

Two Poems

THEY HAVE TURNED THE CHURCH WHERE I ATE GOD

They have turned the church where I ate God  
and tried to love Him into a gym

where as an altar boy I poured water and wine  
into the pastor's cup, smelling the snuff  
under his lip on an empty stomach

where I kept the wafer away from my teeth  
thinking I could die straight to the stars  
or wherever it was He floated warm and far

where I swung the censer at Benedictions to the Virgin  
praying to better my jump shot from the corner  
praying to avoid the dark occasions of sin

where on Fridays in cassock and Windsor knot and flannel pants  
I followed Christ to His dogwood cross  
breathing a girl's skin as I passed, and another's  
trying less and less to dismiss them

where I confessed my petty thefts and unclean dreams  
promising never again, already knowing  
I would be back flushed with desire and shame

where I stood before couples scrubbed and stiff  
speaking their vows, some so hard at prayer  
I doubted they could go naked, some so shiny  
I knew they already did it and grinned like a fool

where I stood before caskets flanked by thick candles  
handing the priest the holy water  
feeling the rain trickle down to my face  
hearing the worms gnaw in the satin and grinding my teeth

where once a mother ran swooning to a small white box  
and refused to let go calling God a liar screaming  
to blow breath back in her baby's lungs

They have turned the church where I ate God  
into a gym with a stage

where sophomores cross themselves before stepping  
on soapboxes for the American Legion  
citizenship prize  
just as I crossed myself before every crucial free throw  
every dream to be good

where on Friday afternoons in the wings  
janitors gather to shuffle the deck  
or tell what they found in a boy's locker wrapped in foil  
or in a girl's love letter composed like maidenhair

where I can imagine pimpled Hamlets  
trying to catch chunky Gertrudes at lies  
no one believes in except the beaming parents

They have turned the church where I ate God  
and tried to love Him into a gym with a stage  
where now in my thirty-fourth year I stop  
and bend my knee  
to that suffering and joy I lost, that play  
of pure confusion at His feet.

#### THE CLOSET

After they opened the new church  
the small cross came down  
from the sanctuary in the old one  
and went in a closet with odds and ends,  
with bent or mateless candlesticks,  
with a string of pearls a Puerto Rican  
lady forced on the pastor  
for taking away a sin he couldn't  
figure heads or tails of, with angel hair  
too ratty for the crib,  
with a punctured basket-  
ball, with a roll  
of unused tickets to the Summer Festival  
at which mothers, blushing,  
hustled Sloppy Joes  
and the Assistant Pastor rattled  
dice for Lucky Strikes,  
with a laminated prayer  
card in Latin,  
with a handout advertising  
Dunn's Funeral Home,  
with a pair of reading glasses,  
with a ripped galosh,  
with a tarnished holy water shaker,  
with a polka dot clip-on bow tie,  
with a postcard showing downtown Wichita  
and a scrawl saying "Hi Father! Buzz & Rita,"  
with a cardboard pumpkin  
and a baby's pink teething ring.

## YOU CAN'T EAT POETRY

This poem will cost you.  
 It will not register Black voters in Georgia.  
 It will not wash oil from ducks.  
 This poem will starve the big-bellied babies  
 in Angola, if they send it.  
 It . . . will . . . not . . . get . . . off . . . the . . . page  
 To convince the President  
 that loaded guns are dangerous  
 and should be kept out of the hands  
 of infants and senile demagogues.  
 This poem will not feel around under your dress  
 down by the lake. It will not be generous  
 with its time, nor forgive. It can't be  
 warmed up at midnight after the skating  
 nor charm the miser out of his hole  
 nor proclaim amnesty. It's words,  
 God damn it, it's words.

## THE MINUTES OF THE FACULTY SENATE MEETING

The minutes of the Faculty Senate Meeting  
 are heavier than a collected poems,  
 longer than the Medicine Rite of the Winnebago,  
 duller than the cylinder head decoking  
 of an Aston Martin.

They fall on the desk  
 like angry hand meat, whup!  
 Or All-Leaves-In-One,  
 hitting the senses with the white stone of winter.

The cuttlefish, trying to hide its position,  
 looses a cloud of ink.

## GETTING OUT OF PUBLIC OFFICE

He wants to die.  
 He can't carry the country any farther,  
 a knapsack full of dwarf stars,  
 so he climbs up to jump.  
 He rises.  
 How can America do this to me?  
 Things can grow so heavy  
 they fall through a hole  
 and change signs:  
 Eats become Vomit, shoes moo,  
 cars return to Detroit,  
 demanding a pass to the ore.  
 And the moon, where he comes to rest,  
 is a white eyelid  
 at the bottom of the well.

*from* AFFECTION FOR MACHINERY

How clearly a spoon must think of its duties.  
 It hoists your soup and sings of coupons in a clear treble.  
 It shakes off your saliva  
 and lies down in the drawer with its brothers and sisters,  
 amid some danger in that black alley  
 with those con knives and mutton forkers.

Poor fist cup, water leaks from every knuckle.  
 If you ever fill that mouth up there,  
 it all drains out, now and later.

Poor brain with so many trains out in the midwest,  
 rushing toward stalled school buses, when you sleep,  
 your dreams are the fat sparks from boiling soup.

The spoon dreams  
 like a metal column,  
 a star throat, a mercury cadenza,  
 staring into the dense universe with a silver eye.



## THE UNCLES

They came at Easter  
in early yeast-time  
to bless bread and pregnant women  
proclaim the river fish full  
strike the nails of ice  
from the five yews

They told of nights  
when water spun in the old bed  
and the Thing-That-Reckoned  
sat in the grove of aspen  
thumbing testaments

I am Ham the Elder  
with plans for a water bridge  
from the Zee Estuary  
to the Sahara. When it sings  
rushing blue overhead  
I'll change *this* line . . .  
falling . . .

I am Luke the younger  
I invented women with *this*  
turning on the spit  
until they cry *uncle*  
King me, I made  
a successful jump

They said you will hate the dirt  
where the plow hangs  
in the rootsnarl and stones  
You will hate your face leather  
and the thick joints  
you will hate the bread

I brought you something  
from the city  
that never closes its eyes  
two days to find out  
what weather it is  
wind it up and it will open its ears.

Help me say my name, nephew  
It's brown and stiff  
I can't cough it up  
It sticks to my holes  
Call me Uncle Peanut Butter

I was hired to name car colors  
Biblical Black or Testament Tuxedo  
Frail Lemon, Aspirin Avocado  
Vomit Vermillion, Plurple  
They forwarded my mail

You'll always wonder what Uncles do  
what wet caves they hang in  
what shaky branch they launch from  
what Aunty-in-kitchen-corner  
they fall on in the hard time

Gather around, the Uncles are unpacking  
Pants are in their stride  
Dirty shirts french their cuffs

Gather near, the Uncles are packing  
Black suits lie in state  
Socks roll up and play dead  
The ties that bind are bound  
Paisley chaps for Uncle Wag

### *About Our Contributors*

RICHARD HUGO is the director of the Writing Program at the University of Montana. His fourth book of poems will be published soon by Norton.

BRENDAN GALVIN has had two books of poems published recently: *The Narrow Land* (Northeastern University Press) and *The Salt Farm* (Fiddlehead). He lives in New Britain, Connecticut.

RICHARD R. O'KEEFE received a National Endowment for the Arts Award in 1970. He is currently living in Toronto.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG, who now lives in Santa Fe, published her second book of poems, *A Short History of the Fur Trade*, via Houghton Mifflin here and Andre Deutsch in England.

DICK CASE lives in Spokane and attends Eastern Washington State College.

JOHN TAYLOR, who teaches at Washington and Jefferson, is at work on a second opera libretto, his first having been successfully performed by the Pittsburgh Ballet Theater.

PHILIP MURRAY is the author of *Poems after Martial* (Wesleyan University Press, 1967). He spent the past summer in Portugal and Spain.

JOHN E. MOORE teaches at the University of Montana.

DAVID ALLAN EVANS, the editor of four poetry anthologies, has published one book of poems, *Among Athletes* (Folder Editions).

BARTON SUTTER lives in a fish house in Grand Marais, Minnesota.

JIM BARNES, born in Oklahoma, teaches at Northeast Missouri State College.

STEPHEN DOBYNS, recent winner of the Lamont Prize, now lives in Wilmington, Delaware.

CYNTHIA MACDONALD lives in Houston.

BARBARA L. GREENBERG lives in Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

JOSEPH DI PRISCO is a graduate of the Syracuse University Writing Program. This is his first published poem.

ALAN WILLIAMSON teaches at the University of Virginia.

DABNEY STUART is the author of two books of poems and is the poetry editor of *Shenandoah*.

ROLAND FLINT received a Discovery Grant from the National Endowment for the Arts in 1970. He teaches at Georgetown University.

LINDA ALLARDT is doing research on the Emerson journals at the University of Rochester.

JAY MEEK is currently a visiting lecturer at Syracuse University.

EDWARD LUEDERS, professor of English at the University of Utah, is the co-editor of two highly successful poetry anthologies and the author of three books of poems, the most recent of which is *The Gang from Percy's Hotel*.

MILLER WILLIAMS, whose work has appeared in numerous magazines, teaches at the University of Arkansas.

LAURA JENSEN, a graduate of the University of Washington Writing Program, is currently doing graduate work at the University of Iowa.

GARY GILDNER's latest book is *Digging for Indians* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 1971).

JOHN WOODS's most recent book, *Turning to Look Back*, was published in 1972 by Indiana University Press.

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